

# The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

Hackley greeted Johnson's rap with a nervous "Come in," and exchanged a wan smile for Johnny friendly salutation. He had been writing and the table was strewn with piles of closely written manuscript. Johnny's eyes fell upon the pages, and riveted there. That they were the work of Hackley's pen was evident, and—

"The writing was absolutely unlike that in the letters found addressed to Carlisle Wayne!"

"Writing a book?" asked Johnny, as he sat down with an effort to be composed.

"No, merely some instructions as to what I want done with my estate, in case anything happens to me," answered Hackley. "It's an account of the children, you know."

"Don't let me hear you," Johnny suggested, "if I interrupt I'll go."

"On the contrary I'm glad to have you," replied Hackley. "I've had a mournful morning, spending it among reliquaries. Would you like to see some of my mementoes?"

He pulled out a deep drawer from the side of the table and began lifting out treasure after treasure. Folded in soft parchment was a long, curving scroll of rusted lead, only too evidently out from the head of his dead wife. Then there were pictures of her from babyhood to maturity. And letters—love notes—all in the same handwriting. There were old gloves, delicately perfumed, with the strange odor that had permeated the Desterle home that wretched morning of tragedy and loss, convulsively held together, and a bunch of faded flowers.

"Here is her wedding bonnet," mused Hackley. "See, here is a program of an exhibition day in the convent where she played and sang. She had a voice like melted crystal. I worshipped her, made an idol of her, and I paid the penalty. I hope that death has brought her peace—life never could have done so. My wife, my beloved wife!"

"Hackley," said Johnny, placing his hand on the bowed head, "you didn't kill her, I know it. Help us to find the man who did."

Hackley looked up. "You're the first one who's had any faith in me," he answered, "except Francis, Le Malheureux, as you call him, his brother, you know. Francis and I have tried to save her name."

"Why," questioned Johnny, striking while the iron was hot, "why does Le Malheureux ever walk among men thus veiled and concealed?"

Hackley shot Johnny a mass of terror. "As you would not injure the man that soul that ever walked," he pleaded, "try, never try to probe that mystery. For your own peace of mind leave Le Malheureux alone."

"I spied on you last night," confessed Johnny. "I followed you into that closet there, where you have all those images of your wife. I want to apologize for doing it."

"You needed it," returned Hackley. "Worship her loveliness any time you wish, as I do always."

"Do you know Harcourt," abruptly questioned the American.

"No, I've never met him," answered Hackley. "I never knew who the man was that had stolen my wife's heart from me. Carlisle was clever and she covered her path well. I looked, though, that towards the end she seemed to grow tired of him. He waxed insanely jealous of her towards the end. I think she was planning to leave him at the last."

"Who do you think killed her?" queried Johnny. "or do you know?"

"I did not leave that house at 94 Briarwood place—the one where the passage way was found you know."

"Why, I saw you, saw you go through the passage way myself, the morning after the murder," cried Johnny.

"Yes, I know you did," admitted Hackley. "That was my second visit there. I was in there the morning that they found the body. I had followed Le Malheureux there, through the hole in the wall. Mrs. Desterle saw me there when she burst in the door. Le Malheureux and I had gone up to see Carlisle. He had traced her out and told me where she was. I went expecting to find the living woman—I found, dead clay. When the policeman and Mrs. Desterle's husband were carrying her back to her bedroom, I walked down the stairs and away from the house. When I reached my lodgings, where I was stopping under an assumed name, I discovered I had lost one of my garments. I went back that night and found an entrance to the Flinders house, and climbed back into the bedroom through the hole in the wall. I looked through the parter but couldn't find it. I wanted it for sentiment's sake, and not because I was afraid of any incrimination that might result from it, as for years I have been practically unknown in civilized countries. And," with a whimsical smile, "I was frightened away, and in my haste to leave the Flinders house, I lost the mate to it out of my pocket."

"And I found it right by the door to the house that Hamley Hackley was supposed to have leased," said Johnny. "Was the Man-Aperrilla in the room when you and Le Malheureux were?" came Johnny's final question.

"I know of no such animal," said Hackley. "And now, Mr. Johnson, I am tired. The strain of months is telling on me, do you mind if I be to be excused?"

## CHAPTER XXV.

There was no delay in the trial. Justice had waited sufficiently long and demanded an airing immediately. The crush in the courtroom was fearful and a jury was polled before noon.

The crux of the examination came at last. They sent for Mrs. Harcourt and brought her in, forcing her to keep her veil down till she was directly in front of the prisoner. Then her face was barred.

Hackley fell forward as if shot to the heart. "Carlisle!" he exclaimed. "Carlisle, my wife, and alive!"

The court-room rang with riot. Finally did the judicial gavel rap for order.

hardness and for myself, I would like to tell my story. In this wallet are the documents of proof.

"My story is my father's shame. His name was John Francis Wayne. He was the son of Thomas James Wayne, once bishop of the diocese of Georgia. Among the slaves my grandfather owned was a fine fellow named Ben, who had been stolen from the Gold Coast. He had a son, also named Ben, and the father of the African Benoni that you have just thrown into jail, because he has kept silence out of respect for my infancy. His son Ben and my father grew up in that relationship that once existed in the South between boy-master and boy-slave. Ben's father had told his son how their people were kings in mid-Africa, and of the enormous wealth they held there, all venerated in diamond mines. The black lad and the white one were adventurous youths, and planned from boyhood up to sail to Africa as soon as they were grown to manhood. Ben was to be restored to his ancestral power and my father was to be enriched with half the wealth of the kingdom. Rather wanted to be a physician, so his parents sent him to Germany and later to France to study. Ben, the slave, went with him as his valet, though they were more like foster brothers, and with good reason, as Ben's mother had been my father's wet nurse. Ben was bright, and to fit himself to rule over his people and to lead his dreams of a vast African empire, he studied side by side with my father. They saved their money, did these two boys, and when they were matured made ready to go to Africa. Hovering around Paris before their departure my father met the beautiful twin daughters of a Frenchman of rank and wealth, the Mademoiselles Desiree and Marie De La Roux. They were like two peas, and of exceptional grace and charm, and for a long while father did not know which to choose. He loved them both. Finally he decided upon Desiree, proposed, was accepted and married within a fortnight. As the two sisters had never been separated, Marie accompanied the newly wedded pair to Africa. Shortly after their arrival in the supposed Hamley Hackley, asserted he had never seen his tenant, that the whole operation had been by letter, accompanied by New York exchange to cover the rent for three months, and that the lease when signed in duplicate by "Hamley Hackley," had never been seen by him. Flinders, till after his return from Europe.

Hackley was recalled to the stand. "You say that Francis Wayne, brother of the murdered woman, whose whereabouts you declare you do not know, had visited the room previously to the morning of her death?"

"So I understood," answered Hackley. "Why?"

"Well, he called upon me at my lodgings and said that he knew where Carlisle was, and that if I wished to see her he would show me how to get to her. On numerous other occasions I had met up with her, but she always declined to see me. Francis took me over to the street known as Briarwood place. He led a lady to the front door—at No. 94. I think it was a school boy, but he is an artificer of uncommon skill, so I do not know. He let me in. There seemed to be no one at home. In the Flinders house. We went into the library, and he lifted down a brass plaque from the wall. We had great difficulty in crawling through the hole, as the panel stuck. When we got in there we found my wife dead. It was evident, too, that she had not occupied the room alone."

"Could Francis Wayne have leased this house in your name?" asked the Court.

"I hardly think so," replied Hamley. "In fact, I am positive he did not."

"Do you think he killed his sister?" asked the Court again.

"I am positive he did not."

"What reason had he for surreptitiously following his sister. Was he afraid you would kill her?"

"I do not know as to that. I think his object was to try and persuade her to come to her children."

Mrs. Dr. Fothergill then testified. "The morning after I had examined Mrs. Harcourt at the hospital and noted what seemed to me to be indications of this particular form of loco poisoning, I obtained permission to visit the room formerly occupied by Mrs. Wayne. It was practically untouched, and a glass stood on the washstand. I took it away with me, giving the police due notification that I had done so, and when at home rinsed it thoroughly with water and a slight percentage of alcohol, as his latter solvent has a marked affinity for loco in any form. The analysis of this solution showed it to be highly charged with powdered loco root. On more women's intuition and my own initiative, I sought further. Endoubtedly the loco root was dropped into the glass of water and later Mrs. Wayne either wittingly or unwittingly drank it."

"Will you tell the court your diagnosis of the ailment of Mrs. Harcourt?"

A bad case of poisoning from the male loco blossoms. Her present state of health is attributable only to the rigorous treatment of morphine and female loco blossoms which she was subjected. The powders in evidence were dispensed to her daily by her husband, so she claims, in fact employed as the hotel says him give them to her more than once. They are the concentrated essence of the male blossom of this noxious plant. I should say that she had been kept under the influence of this drug about five years. Those two parchment bags filled with white powder there, contain more of the same drug. They were discovered in Mr. Harcourt's luggage."

"And your opinion then is?"

"My opinion is," slowly stated Dr. Fothergill, "and I deduce it from scientific facts and analyses, that Harold Harcourt not only kept his wife under the influence of loco for years, but that he employs this pestiferous product as a means to kill Narcisse Wayne Hackley."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

The second morning after the critical day when Dr. Fothergill had made her startling statements about the loco root found the case at a standstill. Each side was waiting for the other, and for a half hour after court had opened there was nothing doing save a pother among the attorneys.

"Your honor," it spoke, "I am Francis Wayne, the brother of the dead woman whose death you are trying to prove."

"Le Malheureux!" exclaimed Johnson and Larry Morris in a breath. The figure bowed to them and turned again to the judge.

"If your honor please," said Le Malheureux, "with all apologies for my

# FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

## Should Effortful Draggers.

Especially is the woman of today changing in the scope of her mental development, states Judge Willard McEwen, of Chicago. She has a much better understanding of what is going on in the world and her interest is more vital in the things outside her own particular sphere than it formerly was. Woman is waking up to a desire for individuality, which is just as natural an impulse as the desire for immortality. It is in a consciousness of individuality that people get their real happiness.

Under past conditions man has been the individual and woman an impressionable creature, whose religion, training and sex instincts made her satisfied with children, and home, and working for a man, who is most of the time a false ideal.

She is modifying that condition. In my judgment the real question of woman's independence as a factor in the partnership is a question of sex. Taxation without representation, improvement in government through woman's participation are idle arguments so far as being of any effect is concerned. Woman has been long in a condition of subservience and is coming to realize it. Man might as well recognize this and share that it is going to cost him something that he ought to pay. An economic question must be considered with reference to present conditions. If tested by the days of our grandfathers, woman's present attitude and manner of looking at life is to be deplored, but tested by our times woman's situation and change in her relationship to man have indicated a new element into the conditions which should be charged up to the account as legitimate expense. The drudgery in a woman's life should be eliminated as far as is consistent with the family purse. It is not incumbent on a woman to get tired out and overworked baking bread when a few nickels invested at the corner bakery will provide the table with bread.

come advocates before the United States Supreme Court—40. Yet it is undeniable that there are splendid opportunities for women lawyers, and the 20,000 of today promises to be largely increased in the coming years, one of the most authoritative legal publications declaring that women are needed to analyze, digest and classify the quarter million decisions of Federal and State courts handed down in the ten years ending with 1910. The fact that out of 20,000 admitted lawyers only 40 appear before the Federal Justices at Washington does not imply that the remainder are engaged in housekeeping or other pursuits. These women lawyers are representing their clients and appearing before the courts in their own states, doing valuable and remunerative legal work.

Bordered materials make many summer gowns.

Plumes to match the gown are used on black hats.

In Paris short-skirted evening gowns are fashionable.

New evening jackets are made of flowered cretonne.

Some of the cotton foulards are as beautiful as the silks.

Hats of black straw are seen trimmed with silver braid.

Crochet lace is smart on gowns, jackets, blouses and even on hats.

Corollary yellow is one of the newest shades for evening gowns.

There is a craze for brown and many new shades have been shown.

Many of the new turbans are trimmed with huge bows of changeable ribbon at the back.

Parasols are seen with long, fancy handles of carved wood, such as elephant and bullock heads.

The black hat is probably most durable from its power to withstand dust and spots and its satisfying harmony with any color of costume.

Women's Clothing.

Dr. Haig Ferguson in a lecture at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary the other day had some severe things to say about the clothing of an adult woman. It was hampered by fashion and superstition and nothing could be a greater tribute to the strong nerves and powerful muscles of women than the fact that their health had survived for centuries their habits of clothing.

A woman's clothing was the despair of the hygienists. Children and girls were more sensibly clad, but when girls grew up they were often clothed in a way which made them unable to walk, run or breathe. Weighty skirts, low-necked gowns, "pneumonia blouses," the modern hat, the high-heeled shoe with its pointed toe, were all condemned. But, then, women will have it so and so it will remain.

To Wash Corsets.

First rip the front seam on both sides and take out the steels. Then dissolve some soap jelly, made by shredding half a pound of the best yellow soap in one quart of boiling water, and simmering until dissolved in warm water. Two tablespoonsful of jelly to half a gallon of water is usually sufficient, but hard water may require more. Put the corsets into the suds and allow them to soak for five minutes. Then spread them on a board and brush thoroughly with a well-soaped nail brush, dipping them occasionally into the suds to remove the loosened dirt. When clean, rinse through two lots of warm water and hang up to drip dry. When almost dry, iron on the inside with a warm flat iron, and after thoroughly airing place the front steels and sew them firmly in. If this is carefully done, the corsets will emerge from the wash-tub as good as new.

A Disappointment.

Artists, poets and writers generally conspire to represent woman as being beautiful, gentle, self-sacrificing and the embodiment of love. With this extravagant ideal of woman formed for them in their youth, it is surprising that many men are doomed to disappointment—Truth.

To Soften Paint Brushes.

To soften an old paint brush in which the paint has been allowed to dry, heat some vinegar to the boiling point, and allow the brush to simmer in it a few minutes. Remove and wash well in strong soap suds, and the brush will be like new.

Women and the Motor Car.

Can a woman drive a motor car? Robert Sloss says she can, and in the Outlook Magazine tells why. In one place he says:

"Unusual physique is not necessary for the woman motorist. Neither sex needs extraordinary muscular development in automobile, and also any woman not an invalid can master its mysteries quite as well as a man, provided she has the will and the patience to acquire the know-how. Generally in the sphere of patience woman by nature is equipped to give man a long handicap. The woman motorist is not half so likely as a man to swear and call loudly for a tow when anything goes wrong with the car. She will more probably set quietly to work to find the trouble and remedy it quite as thoroughly as if she were cleaning out the kitchen range."

Remember, nevertheless, that though sex and slight physique are in no sense disabilities to the woman who wants to do her own motoring, and though her feminine patience and intuition stand her in good stead, she must not expect to succeed by intuition alone."

A World Upside Down.

Another announcement lately made of the potential discovery that women are alike the world over—that men's birth, training, environment do not of themselves create a new feminine type. The fact is as old as the race. The bigger maid, we have been assured for generations, proved an excellent queen for King Cropheta. Madam Miller would have quickly learned to adorn the station to which the judge might have called her.

So the recent scheme of so-called "social leader" had not even the excuse of being a novel demonstration. Madam took two girls from ordinary boarding houses to her house, dressed them in her clothes, loaded them with her jewels, and introduced them to her millionaire friends. The next day she told the newspaper of her successful trick, excited over the enthusiasm with which "society" had accepted her victims, and thus demonstrated that "wealth and false pride form the barriers between the classes."

The contriver of the scheme said to the reporters, "I once dressed up my son in one of my gowns, and she mingled with my guests. Her figure was beautiful, and she made a stunning appearance. But she did not feel at her ease, and stayed only a short time. Back to the kitchen she went."

It is to be hoped that the girls in her latest experiment, may, that the hostess herself, may show as good sense as did Mary, the cook. But the task of the two young women is not

# A Minister's Constipation

Rev. Kemp Tells of His Digestive Troubles and How He Overcame Them—You Can Do So, Too.

The lack of exercise in a minister's life makes him very liable to constipation. But for that matter, most everybody is constipated now and then. It is the nation's disease.

Many already know that a sure way to cure constipation is a small dose of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. I have never used this remedy and would like to try it. Send your address and a free sample bottle will be forwarded to you. Write to Dr. J. C. Caldwell, 112 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19106.

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Learned It by Ear.

The dear little girl then arose, bowed and recited in this manner: "Letting Henry up N. Downing. Widow Hartford N. E. Fater. Still H. E. Wing, still per Sue Wing. Learn to label Amy Waits."

Then with the tumultuous applause of the audience rising in her ears, she sat down in happy confusion.—Chicago Tribune.

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive.

About the size of your shoes, many people wear smaller shoes by using Allen's Foot-Powder. It keeps the feet cool and dry, and makes the shoes fit. It is sold everywhere. The sample sent free. Address: Allen & Company, Ltd., New York, N. Y.

John and the Franchise.

A woman suffrage lecturer in England recently brought down the house with the following argument: "I have no vote, but my groom has. I have a great respect for that man in the stable, but I am sure if I were to go to him and say, 'Join, with you enter as the franchise,' he would reply, 'Please, mum, which horse be that?'"

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-EXPELLER.

It is "the best" remedy for all kinds of pain, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, headache, etc., and it is sold everywhere.

Agua de Lico.

Arnaldo is living the life of a country gentleman in a small estate just outside of Cavite. He takes no part whatever in the politics of his country. From the moment of his capture Arnaldo took the position that it would be improper for him to express any opinion whatsoever regarding the rule of his country by Americans. Still his name is known he has not commented in any way, either favorably or adversely, upon the administration of the white man.

For a couple of years," said Manuel L. Quezon, the Philippine commissioner to Congress, according to a Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle, "I lived with Arnaldo in his home. We were on the most intimate terms. Remarkable as it may seem, I have not heard him make any comment whatever about the change in the government of the islands. No one has been able to trap him into any kind of an admission. If he is asked whether he thinks conditions in the island have improved under the administration of the Americans he will reply: 'I am very busy with my farming.'"

Whether he approves or condemns the new order of things nobody knows. Still he seems to be contented. Can or twice a year he is invited to dine with the governor-general. He always accepts these invitations and seems to enjoy himself. He maintains an air of dignity and composure at all times and has the respect of every one."

Comfort and New Strength

Await the person who discovers that a long train of coffee sils can be thrown off by using

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The comfort and strength come from a rebuilding of new nerve cells by the food elements in the roasted wheat used in making Postum.

And the relief from coffee ails come from the absence of caffeine—the natural drug in coffee.

Ten days' trial will show any one

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

Explained at Last.

Women are better than men, because they do not have women to tempt them.—Smart Set.